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THE
STATE of ROME,
UNDER
NERO and *DOMITIAN*:
A 11658 L. 26.
S A T I R E.

CONTAINING,
A List of *Nobles, Senators, High Priests,*
Great Ministers of State, &c. &c. &c.

By Messrs. JUVENAL and PERSIUS.

Alter & Idem.

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THE
STATE of ROME,
&c. &c.

H A T ! still be plagu'd and never take
the Scourge,
Whilst Loads of Venal Trash my Ven-
geance urge ?

Shall *Sporus*' Epigrams, and *Codrus*' Odes,
Unpunish'd, haunt their Sovereign's *bles'd* Abodes ?
Shall *Bulbus*, *Lubio*, all the hireling Hounds
Bark on, unlash'd, protected by their Gowns ?
Shall *Scurrio*, *Eubulus*, and *ABC*,
Leave in the Chandler's Shops no room for me ?

Semper ego auditor tantum ? nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri ?
Impune ergo mibi recitaverit ille togatas,
Hic elegos ? impune diem consumpscerit ingens
Telephus ?
— *Stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique*
Vatibus occurras, perituro parcere chartæ.

No; tho' the Stage be interdicted quite,
 The Press yet open, *Romans* still may Write. }
 On then, and fearless rhyme in *Graccus'* Spite. }
 But, why with Rage I grasp the Satire's Rod,
² Why tread the Paths that keen *Lucilius* trod,
 Attend the Causes which my Ire provoke :
 When *Roman* Sailors feel the *Spaniard*'s Yoke,
 By all forsaken, and despis'd by all ;
 When *Latium* trembles at the Name of *Gaul* ;
 When black Corruption spreads her Wings around,
 And Brib'ry, bare-fac'd, stalks the Senate Ground ;
³ When *Fair Crispinus*, pretty Man of Wit !
 Dares in his Master's Ear his Venom spit ;
 Who trips about the Town in *Tyrian* Dye,
 A gaudy, glitt'ring, flutt'ring, teasing Fly ;

² *Cur tamen hoc potius libeat decurrere campo,*
Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus :
Si vacat, & placidi rationem admittitis, edam.
Cum tener uxorem ducat spado, Mævia Tuscum
Figat aprum, & nuda teneat venabula mamma :
Patricios omnes opibus cum provocet unus,
Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat.

³ *Cum pars Niliacæ plebis, cum verna Canopi*
Crispinus, Tyrias humero revocante lacernas
Ventilet aſſirum digitis fudantibus aurum.

By



By whom each fair one may be—*what?* why fann'd,
So fond's the *Thing* to shew his *Lady-Hand*:

When butch'ring *S—y* may unhang'd go on,
To make Men drunk; then stab 'em when h'as done;

And hanging * athirst for human Gore

Condemn his *half-try'd Culprits* by the Score:

4 When each Place swarms with such a shameless
Crew,

What Pen holds Gall to give 'em all their due?

And yet to see all this and to refrain,

What Ribs of Iron can my Gall contain?

Fierce Indignation boils within my Veins,

To see big Sharpers proud with impious Gains

Roll in their Cars, and boast their *knavish* Mains.

5 With what Resentment must the Muse behold,

The Wife brought over by her Spouse and sold;

Who

* *Difficile est Satyram non scribere. Nam quis inique
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?
Quid referam, quanta siccum jecur ardeat ira,
Cum populum gregibus comitum premat hic spoliator
Pupilli prostantis?*

5 *Cum leno accipiat mæchi bona, si capiendi
Jus nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar;*

Who his taught Eyes up to the Cieling throws,
 Hears the Jobb done, then back to --- goes ?
 What Age so vast a Crop of Follies bore ?
 When was each Vice so dignify'd before ?
 None, none can e'er out-do us ---- future Times
 Can't add one Scruple to our present Crimes ;
 6 Our Sons but the same Things can wish and do,
 Each Vice is at the highest it can go.

Spread, Satire, spread thy Wings, and fearless fly
 To seize thy Prey, tho' lurking ne'er so high.
 If Nature could not, Anger would indite,
 And, thus provok'd, e'en *Codrus'* self might write —
 But hold, what Folly ! how dar'st thou again
 Speak dangerous Truths ; or, spoken, how maintain,
 When *Roman* Liberty's so far bereft
 The Honest Heart --- that scarce the Name is left ?

Ere

*En quando uberior vitiorum copia ? quando
 Major avaritiae patuit sinus ? —
 Nil erit ulterius, quod nostris moribus addat
 Posteritas. —*

6 — — *Eadem cupient, facientque minores.
 Omne in precipiti vitium sletit. utere velis :*

Totus

Ere *Scandalum Magnatum* was begot
 ? No matter if his Lordship winch'd or not.
 But now, if Freedom with the Great you take,
 If into Rogues omnipotent you rake,
 ----- your Doom, or you must flie Abroad,
 To 'scape the Scourge of the devouring Rod.
 Muse be advis'd, be cautious of your Ears,
 Hold, hold in Time --- a Summons from the -----,
 A Summons from the -----, well let it come;
 Twill be next Calend ere I meet my Doom,
 And none in *Rome*, if such gross Vices thrive,
 Another Calend would be fond to live.
 By Heav'n I'm sick on't --- ⁸ O were I convey'd,
 Where *Lapland* Ice obstructs the Merchant's Trade;

*Totus pande finus. dicas hic forfitan, unde
 Ingens par materiæ? unde illa priorum
 Scribeudi quodcumque animo flagrante libaret
 Simplicitas, cuius non audeo dicere nomen?*

? *Quid resert dictis ignoscat Mutius, an non?*
 _____ *Tecum prius ergo voluta
 Hec animo ante tuhas: galatum fero duelli
 Pænitent.*

* *Ultra Sauromatas fugere hinc libet, & glaciam
 Oceanum, quoties aliquid de moribus audem
 Qui Curios simulant, & Bacchanalia vivunt.
 Indocti primum:*

When

When Vice in Triumph lords it thro' the Land,
 And titl'd Knaves support her on each Hand;
 When ev'ry Fool's preferr'd, when Villany
 Grows rich and great, and Cheats alone are free;
 When Beardless Misers, Brutes unknown before
 Wait hourly to be Bought at ----'s Door;
 When *B*----s and *T*----s ev'ry where you meet,
 And *C*----s and *W*----s choak up ev'ry Street;
 9 When *W*----d, the cock Priest, -- that puling Sot,
 Just slip'd the Shell, and in a Tunick got,
 Yet boasts ten Thousand Boobies in his Train,
 Gaping to catch the Ooze of his mad Brain;
 When *T*----te both Sexes acts before
 A vile Indorser, and behind a Whore;
 And 'twixt the Males of ---, Scenes are past,
 Which make old *D*----'s leud Nocturnals chaste.

9 Non tulit ex illis toruum Laronia quendam
 Clamantem toties: Ubi nunc lex Julia? dormis?
 Ad quem ita subridens: Felicia tempora, quæ se
 Morbis opponunt: habeat jam Roma pudorem.
 Hispo subit Juvenes, et morbo pallet utroque.

10 Say, Rev. S---n, what detested Clime
 Taught *Lectrum's* learned Sons so dire a Crime?
 Thro' what curst Cause do these Distempers rage?
 What, Why the base corrupt corrupting Age;
 No liberal Science finds the least Support,
 No social Virtue meets one Friend at Court;
 No Profit rises from the licens'd Stage,
 No Licence granted to the Truth-fraught Page;
 11 None rais'd, none lov'd, but He who loves the
 Times,
 Who's skill'd in dark Intrigues, and plung'd in Crimes,
 Virtue and Knowledge all, aloud, deride,
 Learning and Wit's industriously decry'd;
 No Bounty felt but what the Great advance
 To glut the Scum of *Italy*, and *France*.

10 — *O pater urbis!*
Unde nefas tantum Latiis pastoribus? —
 — *Quando artibus, inquit, honestis*
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum.

 11 *Quis nunc diligitur, nisi concius, et cui fervens*
Aestuat occultis animus, semperque tacendis?
 — *Non possum ferre, Quirites,*
Græcam urbem. —

12 Where rank Adult'ers break the Nuptial State,
And scarce a Bed but feels a Foreign Weight ;
Where no one Woman for one Man seems meant,
But sooner with *one Leg* would be content ;

13 In ev'ry Street the *Bélides* appear,
And *Clytemnestra's* sprout up every where.

14 Here if one honest Man I chance to View
Above base Int'rest, and to Friendship true ;
One Woman chaster than the common Crew ;
I rank them with the Prodigies of Fame,

And marvel whence the lovely Monsters came.

15 Worse than the Iron Age now onward moves
For constant Use our Vices so improves ;

* 2 *Antiquum, et vetus est alienum Posthume Lectum*
Concuture. —
Unus Iberinæ vir sufficit ? Ocyus illud
Extorquebis, ut hæc oculo contenta sit uno.

* 3 *Occurrunt multæ tibi Bélides* —
Mane Clytaemnestram nullus non Vicus habebit.

* 4 *Nunc si depositum non inficietur amicus,*
Si reddat veterem cum tota ærugine follem,
Prodigiosa fides, & Tuscis digna libellis.

* 5 *Nona ætas agitur, perjoraque secula ferri*
Temporibus ; quorum sceleri not invenit ipsa
Nomen, et a nullo posuit Natura metallo.

That

That baffl'd Nature's at a Loss to frame, *but old as I*

A Metal base enough to give the Age a Name: *but*

'Tis Time, high Time to fly this shameful Place, *W*

Where Truth nor Justice dare not shew the Face. *W*

16 Here let *Arturius* live, and such as He, *Million*

Such Manners will with such a Land agree; *God* *W*

Chiefs who in Senates have the golden Knack *W*

Of turning Truth to Lies, and White to Black; *W*

Who build vast Halls to lodge their *wedded Whore*, *W*

And by Excise and Taxes starve the Poor. *W*

17 Here *Sporus* live—and once more feel my Rage, *W*

Once and again I drag thee on the Stage; *W*

Male-female Thing, without one Virtue made, *W*

Fit only for the *Pathicks* lothsome Trade: *W*

26 *Vivant ARTURIUS istic,*

Et Catulus: maneant qui nigra in candida vertunt:

Quis facile est adem conducere, flumina, portus,

Et præberet caput dominae venale sub hasta.

27 *Ecce iterum Crispinus, & est mibi saepe vocandus*

Ad partes, monstrum nulla Virtute redemptum

A Vitiis, æger, solaque libidine fortis.

Quid refert igitur quantis jumenta fatiget

Porticibus, quanta nemorum vectetur in umbra?

Nemo malus felix, minime corruptor —

That

Feeble and weak in all that's good and right,
 And only strong in Impudence and Spite.
 What tho' by Blood thou strut'st a gaudy Peer?
 What tho' thou nestleſt's in thy Master's Ear?
 No Ill Man's happy — least of all are they
 Whose Study's to corrupt, revile, betray.
 18 What's the Advantage, *Junius*, or the Good,
 That you can boast a rich paternal Blood?
 Vain are their Hopes who fancy to inherit
 By Trees of Pedigree, or Fame, or Merit;
 Tho' plodding Heralds, thro' each Branch may trace
 Old Captains, or old Gen'rals of their Race,
 While their base Deeds their Ancestors belie,
 And grieve the Brass, that stands dishonour'd by.

* * *Stemmata quid faciunt? quid prodefit, Pontice, longo
 Sanguine censeri?*
*Quis fructus generis tabula jactare capaci
 Corvinum?* —

— *Effigies quo
 Tot Bellatorum, si luditur alea pernox
 Ante Numantinos?*

19 How can'st thou, *Junius*, in mock Triumph bear
 Names gain'd by Conquest in the *Gallic War*?
 20 Who, who will call those Noble that deface,
 By meaner Acts, the Glories of their Race?
 Whose only Title to their Father's Fame,
 Is couch'd in the dead Letters of their Name.
 A Dwarf as well a Giant's Name may bear,
 Or the puff'd Ass the Lyon's Mantle wear.
 21 To whom, you'll ask, is this Correction due?
 Why really, *Junius*, it is meant for you,
 Who deem your Person Second to Divine,
 Because descended from a god-like Line,
 Tho' yet but *one* illustrious Act you've done,
 Forsook your Chief, and from your Colours run.

19 *Cur Allobrogicis & magna gaudeat ara
 Natus in Herculeo Fabius Lare? si cupidus, si
 Vanus, & Euganea quantumvis mollior agnata.*
 20 *Quis enim generosum dixerit hunc, qui
 Indignus genere, & preclaro Nomine tantum
 Insignis? Nanum cuiusdam Atlanta vocamus;
 — Canibus pigris, scabieque vetustis
 Lævibus, & siccæ lambentibus ora lucernæ,
 Nomen erat Leo.*
 21 *His ego quem monui? tecum est mihi sermo, Rubelli
 Plance. Tumes alto Drusorum sanguine, tanquam
 Feceris ipse aliquid, propter quod nobilis es.*

22 Great Son of Troy, who e'er extoll'd a Beast,
 For being of a Race above the rest?
 For if fleet Victor's Progeny at last
 Prove's a mere Jade, and in each Match is cast,
 No favour for the Stallion we retain,
 No Reverence for the weak degenerate Strain:
 That we may therefore you, not your's, admire,
 First, Sir, some Honour of your own acquire;
 Add to that Stock which justly we bestow
 On the great Shade to whom your Blood you owe.

23 Let your own Acts immortalize your Name,
 Your Grandfibre's Glory will your Stains proclaim,
 And to a clearer Light expose your Shame.

" For

22 Dic mihi, Teucrorum proles, animalia muta
 Quis generosa putet, nisi fortia? nempe volucrem
 Sic laudamus equum, facilis cui plurima palma
 Fervet, & exultat rauco Victoria circu.

Nobilis hic, quounque venit de gramine, cuius
 Clara fuga ante alios, & primus in æquore pulvis.
 Sed venale pecus Corinthæ, Posteritas &
 Hirpini, si rara jux Victoria sedet.
 Nil ibi majorum respectus, gratia nulla
 Umbrarum.

Ergo ut miremar te, non tua, primum aliquid da,
 Quod possim Titulis incidere præter Honores,
 Quos illis damus, & dedimus, quibus omnia debes.

23 ————— Miserum est aliorum incumbere Famae,
 Ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.

Incipit

" For still more public Scandal Vice attends,
 " As he is great and noble who offends."
 24 But War's no more, you'll say, there's left no room
 To prove our Swords — the Soldier, pent at home,
 In Sloth and Riots places his Delight,
 Bumpers all Day, and Harlots ev'ry Night.
 But hold, War's Rumour! mark the loud Alarms!
 Hark the shrill Clarion sounds to Arms, to Arms!
 25 Should (Heav'n avert it!) any desperate Fate
 Summon all Heads and Hands to guard the State,
 Send quick *Arturius* to secure the Port;
 " But where's the *Generals*, where do they resort?
 Send to the Bagnio, there you're sure to find
 The *unfledg'd* *Hectors* coupling with their Kind.

For
 Incipit ipsum *contra te stare Parentum*
Nobilitas, claramque Facem præferre pudendis.
Omne animi Vitium tanto conspectius in se
Crimen habet, quanto major, qui peccat, habetur.

24 ————— *Damasippus ad illos*
Thermarum calices, inscriptaque linteæ vadit,
Maturus bello Armeniae.

25 ————— *Præstare Neranem*
Securum valet hæc ætas. Mitte osia, Caesar,
Mitte; sed in magna legatum quære popina.
Invenies aliquo cum percusso jacentem.

26 Go

26 Go to the Booths where Feats of Fist are shewn,

There you'll find *Carlo* from *Patincian* grown

A Boxer and the Sandal of the Town.

Room for the noble Master Champion — See
His mien Majestic shews his Quality.

27 This very *Carlo*, whom we lately saw
Flutt'ring about with *Six* in his *Landaw*,
Is forc'd to make the Stage his last Retreat,
And owe, to *Harlequin's* Grimace, his Meat :
For now he's forc'd, since his Estate is lost,
To make --- act, or be himself a Ghost.

28 Strange ! He who knew so well to shake the Dice,
And dext'roufly to throw the lucky Sice ;
To shun *Ames-ace* that swept the Stakes away,
Should leave no Gleanings for a rainy Day !

26 *Citharædo principe, nimus*
Nobilis : hæc ultra, quid erit nisi ludus ? & *illuc*
Dedecus urbis babes.

27 *Consumptis opibus vocem, Damasippe, locasti*
Sipario, clamosum ageres ut Phasma Catulli.

28 *Jure etenim id sumnum, quid dexter Senio ferret*
Scire, erat in Voto ; damnosa canicula quantum
Raderet.

29 Shameful are these Examples --- Yet we find,
To *Britain's* Shame, far worse than these behind.

30 Great Father of the Gods, when for our Crimes
Thou send'st some heavy Judgment on the Times,
Some Tyrant King, the Terror of his Age,
The Type and true Vicegerent of thy Rage,
Thus punish him ---- Set Virtue in his Sight,
Dress'd in her Charms, with all her Graces bright ;
But set her distant --- make him pale to see
His Gains outweigh'd by lost Felicity.
But hold, hold Muse, you moralize too long,
Come ! wake your Reader with some merry Song.
31 Begin, *Calliope*, a Tale to sing,
Of some past Booby, *Greek*, or *Roman* King.

29 *Quid, si nunquam adeo fædis adeoque pudendis
Utinur exemplis, ut non pejora superfint?*

30 *Magne pater Divum, sæuos punire Tyrannos
Haud alia ratione velis, cum dira libido
Moverit ingenium ferventi tintæ veneno ;
Virtutem videant, intabescantque relicta.*

31 *Incipe Calliope, licet hic confidere : non est
Cantandum, res vera agitur.*

C

What

What Booby King? Why *Nero* let it be,
 Well, but his Times with * ours can ne'er agree,
 Um -- why that's true, -- O no, not in the least,
 I only tell, and not apply the Jest.

32 When he with whom the *Flavian* Race decay'd,
 The servile World with Iron Scepter sway'd,
 When strutting *Nero* reign'd, and venal *Rome*
 obey'd,

On distant Coasts, where *Spaniſh* Turrets rise,
 A Fish was taken of a monstrous Size.

The Wise Commander of the Boat and Lines,
 The Capture for the Emperor designs :

33 And now he reach'd the Stream, where Poor Re-
 mains

Of *Alba*'s Freedom still its Name retains ;

32 Cum jam ſemianimum laceraret *Flavius* orbem
 Ultimus, & calvo ſerviret *Roma* *Neroni*,
 Incidit Adriaci ſpatium admirabile rhombi :
 Definat hoc monſtrum cymbæ linique Magiſter
 Ponitici ſummo.

33 Utque lacus ſuberant, ubi quanquam diruta ſervat
 Ignem Trojanum ——————
 Obſtitit intranti miratrix turba parumper :
 Ut cefſit, facili patuerunt cardine valvæ.

* *Juvenal* wrote this Story in *Domitian's* Time.

The

The wond'ring Crowd that to strange Sights resort,
 And choak'd a while his Passage to the Court,
 At length gives way ; ope flies the Palace Gate,
 The Turbut enters, and's received with State.

34 But, O hard Fate ! the Palace Stores, no Dish
 Afford, capacious of the mighty Fish.

1 Call, *Cæsar* cries, my trusty Senate straight ;
 This great Affair demands their sage Debate.
 What with this *Spanish* Monster we must do,
 Fathers, I'll graciously appeal to you.

The Hall is swept, the wise Patricians come,
 To canvas, as they deem, the State of *Rome*.

2 Cunning *Veiento*, lo ! and by his Side
 The great *Catullus*, leaning on his Guide,
 Decrepid, yet a furious Lover He,
 And deeply smit with Charms he scarce can see ;

34 *Sed deerat Pisci patinæ Mensura.* —————

1 ————— *Vocantur*
Ergo in concilium proceres.

2 *Et cum mortifero prudens Veiento Catullo,*
Qui nunquam visæ flagrabat amore pueræ.

Whose Levee's daily crowded with Resort
 Of a depending, gaping, servile Court ;
 3 Who grants all Honours of the Sword, and Gov'n,
 Glads with a Nod, and ruins with a Frown ;
 Who led his Emp'r'or in a String, and sway'd
 That Prince whom once the subject World obey'd ;
 4 Who the stiff Pride of *Roman* Nobles broke,
 And bent their haughty Necks beneath his Yoke ;
 Thus raising a top-heavy Tow'r, whose Weight
 Crush'd him at last --- no unexpected Fate ;
 For few such Wretches to the Shades descend
 By a dry Death, or by a glorious End.
 None more cry'd up the *Fish*, -- He, in its Praise,
 With Zeal his Voice, with Zeal his Hands did raise.

3 ————— *Atque illi sellas donare curules ?*
Illum exercitibus præponere ?

4 ————— *Nam qui nimios optabat honores,*
Et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabat
Excelſæ turris tabulata, unde altior effet
Casus, & impulſæ præceps immane ruinae.
Ad generum Cereris fine cæde & vulnere pauci
Descendent Reges, & sicca morte Tyranni.

5 Nor came *Veiento* short, but as inspir'd,
 With his great Leader's Gold and Spirit fir'd,
 6 Prophetic, cries, The happy Omen see,
 Of fruitful Peace, or glorious Victory.
 Some captive King shall *Cæsar's* Prowess own,
 And proud aspiring *Gaul* come tumbling down.
 The Golden Age, O *Rome!* returns to thee,
 Thy Power unbounded, and thy Commerce free ;
 The Merchant's Plunderer shall his Prey restore,
 And Harpies range the *Indian* Seas no more.

7 Old *Crispus* next, wanton, tho' old, appears,
 His Lust (tho' Power) not yielding to his Years ;
 Who thinking the Debate perplex'd and long,
 Sate down and mus'd him with a bawdy Song.

Montanus' Belly next, advancing slow,
 Before the Sweating Senator did go.

5 *Non cedit Veiento, sed ut fanaticus æstro*
Percussus, Bellona, tuo divinat ; & ingens

6 *Omen habes, inquit, magni clarique triumphi :*
Regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno
Excidet Arviragus.

7 ——— *Venit & Crispi jucunda senectus,*
Montani quoque venter adeat abdome tardus.

8 *Crispinus*

8 *Crispinus* after, but much sweeter, comes
Fainting beneath the Fume of *Indian Gums.*

9 *Pompeius* then, well skill'd in the Court Game
Of cutting Throats with a soft Whisper, came.

Reynardus next befouls the high Abode,
Spewing out *Sporus'* Nonsense by the Load.

Next him *Acilius* of an Age the same,
With eager Haste to the grand Council came,
In Temper mild, and bless'd with Share of Sense,
His Manners winning as his Eloquence ;
None abler to have sav'd the Land than he,
If, as his Thoughts were just, his Tongue were free ;
If it were safe to vent his Gen'rous Heart ;
But, *Nero* reigning, 'twas a dangerous Part.

8 *Et matutino sudans Crispinus amomo,*
Quantum vix redolent duo funera. — —

9 *Pompeius tenui jugulos aperire susurro :*
Proximus ejusdem properabat Acilius ævi
Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite
Ingenium : maria, ac terras, populosque regenti
Quis comes utilior, si clade & peste sub illa
Sævitiam damnare, & honestum afferre licet
Consilium ? — —

If Power grown absolute Advice could bear ;
 10 But what's so tender as a Tyrant's Ear ?
 With whom whoever, tho' a Fav'rite, spake,
 At each cross Vote expos'd his Whole at Stake.
 This well he knew, and therefore never try'd,
 As some Oafs did, to stem th' impetuous Tide.

11 Then *Fuscus* sagely op'd his Mouth, and spoke,
 With many a Hem ! but what was the best Joke,
 Mistook the Case, 'till by *Catullus'* Look
 Struck dumb, he strait with Shame the Hall forsook.

The *Speeche* last uprises, from whose *Bill*
 Sweet empty Sounds and honey Dews distil ;
 And many a Word he spoke, and made much Pother,
 Declaiming fine, on this, and that, and t'other.

10 — *Sed quid violentius aure Tyranni ?*
Cum quo de pluviis, aut æstibus, aut nimboſo
Vere locuturi fatum pendebat amici ?
Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
Torrentem. Nec civis erat, qui libera posset
Verba animi proferre, & vitam impendere vero.

11 *Et qui vulturibus servabat viscera Dacis*
Fuscus.

At length the great, th' important Question's put,

12 Fathers, your Judgment, --- Shall the Fish be cut?

O far, far be't from us, *Montanus* cries,

To do Dishonour to the noble Prize:

A Dish of finest Earth made deep and wide,

Fit to contain it whole, with Speed provide;

13 And henceforth, let a Potter always wait,

To serve in these Emergencies of State.

He spoke, --- and straight his Counsel is observ'd:

With Joy he sees the Fish entire preserv'd;

Well knowing, did they go beneath its Skin,

They'd find it stink most *cursedly* within.

12 Quidnam igitur censes? conciditur? Absit ab illa
Dedecus hoc, *Montanus* ait; testa alta paretur,
Quæ tenui muro spatio sum colligat orbem.

13 ————— Sed ex hoc.
Tempore jam, *Cæsar*, figuli tua castra sequantur.
Vicit digna viro sententia.



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